

TOAD'S LUCK

She's the most beautiful girl I've seen
since Gramma et Uncle Willie's underalls,
and the night she left to join
her brand new husband in the London Hilton

she didn't seem in any rush for either.

But tonight, a year later, she brings him in the bar

and he is the best America has to offer,
handsome as oak, smart as whiplash,
schooled in the practice and appreciation of wit,
with original political opinions,
too modest to mention that he once played pro football,
a thirty-year-old unspoiled success story
who has held positions of responsibility
from saudi to antartica, seychelles to spain.

In short, the sort of guy
you want immediately to be friends with.

Neither interrupts the other.
They accept compliments graciously on each other's behalf.
Beneath the table, their hands
roam each other's thighs constantly.

Just my luck, to be foiled
by the only perfect marriage in America.

THE ROMANTIC POETS

"Oh, yeah," he tells me,
"I remember her. She was married
at the time, but she was making it
with my roommate. What he didn't know
was that she was making it with me
whenever he went off to work.
She gives good head."

There are some things about a woman
that you'd just as soon learn for yourself
and others that
you'd rather that you didn't know at all.